Oh sweet Reuenge now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags,
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Deme. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengd on him,
Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer,

Goe

Goe thou with him, and whe
To finde another that is like t
Good Rapine stab him, he is a
Goe thou with them, and in t
There is a Queene attended b
Well maist thou know her by
For vp and downe she doth re
I pray thee doe on them seme
They haue bene violent to me
Tamora. Well hast thou lesse
But would it please thee good
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice
Who leades towards Rome a
And bid him come and banq
When he is heere, euen at thy
I will bring in the Empresse a
The Emperour himselfe, and
And at thy mercy shall they
And on them shalt thou ease t
What saies *Androni.us* to this

Enter A

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, t
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Ne
Thou shalt enquire him out a
Bid him repaire to me, and bri
Some of the chiefest Princes o
Bid him encampe his souldier
Tell him the Emperour and t
Feast at my house, and he shal
This doe thou for my Inue, a
As he regards his aged Fathe
Mar. This will I doe, and

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